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VICTORIAN HYMNS

VICTORIAN HYMNS

VICTORIAN HYMNS

ENGLISH SACRED SONGS
OF FIFTY YEARS

LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
MDCCCLXXXVII

BV
459
.V53
1887

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

DEDICATED

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

TO

HER MAJESTY

THE QUEEN

June 20, 1887

THE Hymns here gathered are, it is thought, adequately representative of the vast number which have been written and made known during the last fifty years, since Her Majesty began her happy reign.

They are offered to Her, and after Her, to Her people, as a specimen and summary of a mode of devout expression which—though all times of religious emotion and of religious revival have been marked by the composition and the use of Hymns —has been especially characteristic of the last fifty years.

The Editors thank the proprietors of the various Hymnals containing copyright words which they have been permitted to use. They render especially their grateful acknowledgments to the authors of the hymns, who have all acted in the spirit which the words of Dr. Horatius Bonar express, "You are most welcome to the use of my hymns; I consider them not as my property, but the property of the Church of God."

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ORIGINAL HYMNS

VICTORIAN HYMNS

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord:
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HORATIUS BONAR.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph,
His the victory alone;

Hark ! the songs of peaceful Sion
  Thunder like a mighty flood ;
Jesus out of every nation
  Hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia ! not as orphans
  Are we left in sorrow now ;
Alleluia ! He is near us,
  Faith believes, nor questions how :
Though the cloud from sight received him,
  When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
  " I am with you evermore " ?

Alleluia ! bread of angels,
  Thou on earth our food, our stay ;
Alleluia ! here the sinful
  Flee to thee from day to day ;
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
  Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
  Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia ! King eternal,
  Thee the Lord of lords we own ;
Alleluia ! born of Mary,
  Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne :

Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great high priest;
Thou on earth both priest and victim
In the eucharistic feast.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

AM I a stone and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath thy cross,
To number drop by drop thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;

Not so the sun and moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon—
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek thy sheep, true shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine!

O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

DAWSON BURNS.

A REST for Christ-born souls remains,
Here in this world of sharp unrest;
A world of tempests, troubles, pains,
By which the heart is rudely prest.

A rest which nothing can expel—
Not fretting care, or pining grief;
A rest which, like the patriarch's well,
To way-worn travellers gives relief.

O yes! this rest is found on earth,
  Though not of earthly origin;
It claims a high and heavenly birth
  Far from a sphere disturbed by sin.

This is the rest that Christ has brought;
  Which in its fulness He contains;
And each by whom 'tis truly sought,
  Its holy blessedness obtains.

This rest remains, for Christ remains
  Unchanged through all the changing years;
The burdened spirit He sustains;
  The lonely mourning one He cheers.

And what is lacking here He gives
  To those who follow him above;
In heaven they share the life He lives,—
  The perfect rest of perfect love.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

AS oft with worn and weary feet,
  We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet!—
Christ trod this toilsome path before;
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow, in our path appear?
The sweet remembrance will remain—
More deeply did He suffer here.
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with sorrow, pain, and grief.

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

HENRY TWELLS.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay,
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near,
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out.

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

AT thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with thy cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we,—keep them clear of sin.

We, in part, our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

Fain would we thy word embrace,
Live each moment on thy grace,
All ourselves to thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases thee!

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That thy love can e'er impart,—
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ, our God! show forth thy praise.

CHRISTIAN HENRY BATEMAN.

AVE Jesu,
Ere we part,
Speak thy blessing to each heart:
Ave Jesu,
Saviour blest,
Breathe thy peace through every breast.

When, this night,
Our eyelids close,
Let us in thine arms repose:
Ave Jesu,
Son of God,
Wash us in thy precious blood.

Ave Jesu,
Saviour dear,
Through the darkness be Thou near:
Ave Jesu,
Light divine,
Let thy presence round us shine.

By our couch
Thy station keep,
Guard from evil while we sleep:
Ave Jesu,
Saviour bright,
Guide us safe to realms of light.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BABY Jesus, who dost lie
Far above that stormy sky,
In thy mother's pure caress,
Stoop and save the motherless.

Happy birds ! whom Jesus leaves
Underneath his sheltering eaves ;
There they go to play and sleep,
May not I go in to weep ?

All without is mean and small,
All within is vast and tall ;
All without is harsh and shrill,
All within is hushed and still.

Jesus, let me enter in,
Wrap me safe from noise and sin ;
Let me list the angels' songs,
See the picture of thy wrongs ;

Let me kiss thy wounded feet,
Drink thine incense, faint and sweet,
While the clear bells call thee down
From thine everlasting throne.

At thy doorstep low I bend,
Who have neither kin nor friend ;
Let me here a shelter find,
Shield the shorn lamb from the wind.

Jesu, Lord, my heart will break,
Save me, for thy great love's sake !

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

BEHOLD the Lamb!
O! Thou for sinners slain,—
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,—
Thee,—thee alone my refuge make,—
Thy pierced side.

Behold the Lamb!
Into the sacred flood,—
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:—
Wash me and make me pure and clean,
Uphold me through life's changeful scene,
Till all be past!

Behold the Lamb!
Archangels,—fold your wings,—
Seraphs,—hush all the strings
Of million lyres:
The victim veiled on earth, in love,—
Unveiled,—enthroned,—adored above,
All heaven admires!

Behold the Lamb!
Drop down, ye glorious skies,—
He dies,—He dies,—He dies,—
For man once lost!
Yet lo! He lives,—He lives,—He lives,—
And to his Church himself He gives,—
Incarnate Host!

Behold the Lamb!
All hail,—Eternal Word!
Thou universal Lord,—
Purge out our leaven:
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,—
Manna from heaven!

Behold the Lamb!
Saints, wrapt in blissful rest,—
Souls,—waiting to be blest,—
O Lord,—how long!
Thou Church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears
Swell the full song.

Behold the Lamb!
Worthy is He alone,—
Upon the iris throne
Of God above!

One with the ancient of all days,—
One with the Paraclete in praise,—
All light,—all love!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

BLOOD is the price of heaven;
All sin that price exceeds;
O come to be forgiven,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The blood drops from his brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

While the fierce scourges fall,
The precious blood still pleads;
In front of Pilate's hall,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Bearing the fatal wood
His band of saints He leads,
Marking the way with blood.
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

On Calvary his shame
With blood still intercedes;
His open wounds proclaim—
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds;
He sheds his blood for me;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

Ah me ! his soul is fled ;
Yet still for my great needs
He bleeds when He is dead ;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !
Bleeds !

His blood is flowing still ;
My thirsty soul it feeds !
He lets me drink my fill ;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !
Bleeds !

O sweet ! O precious blood !
What love, what love it breeds !
Ransom, reward, and food ;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds !
Bleeds !

RICHARD MANT.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.

Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite;
Chief the heart when duty raises
Godward at his mystic rite.

With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow;

Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thy angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy! blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts most high.

GEORGE RAWSON.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come!

His body, broken in our stead,
Is here, in this memorial bread;—
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come!

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:—
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come!

And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent, we unite,
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come!

Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come!

O blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come!

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
O hear an infant's prayer;
Stoop down and make my heart thy home,
And shed thy blessing there.

Thy light, thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for thee.

Let thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To thine eternal praise.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

"COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."

O blessed voice of Jesus,
  Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
  Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
  Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto me, ye wanderers,
  And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
  Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
  And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
  And songs at break of day.

"Come unto me, ye fainting,
  And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
  Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
  The fight is fierce and long,
But He has made us mighty,
  And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh
  I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus
  Which drives away our doubt!

Which calls us very sinners,
  Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
  To come, dear Lord, to thee.

HENRY ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
  Raise the song of harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

All the world is God's own field
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, for ever purified,
In thy garner to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born;
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn:

Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem ;
The Root, whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love :
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
Absorbed in prayer and praise ;
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime :

Glassed in a sea of light,
  Whose everlasting waves
Reflect his throne, the infinite,
  Who lives and loves and saves.

Crown him the Lord of heaven,
  One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through him given
  From yonder triune throne:
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
  For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
  Throughout eternity.

JOHN ANSTICE.

DARKLY rose the guilty morning,
  When, the King of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem:
See the Christ his cross up-bearing,
See him stricken, spit on, wearing
  The thorn-plaited diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,
Nor the hands that rudely nailed him
  Slew him on the cursed tree;
Ours the sin from heaven that called him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled him
  In the sad Gethsemane.

For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone and tempted,
  He was slain on Calvary;
Yet He for his murderers pleaded:
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
  We have pierced, yet trust in thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
  By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection,
  Make us thine eternally.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

EVERY morning the red sun
  Rises warm and bright,
But the evening cometh on,
  And the dark cold night.
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
  Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
  Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
  All the summer long,
But in colder shorter days
  They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
  Those who follow him,
But we cannot see him here,
  For our eyes are dim.
There is a most happy place
Where men always see his face.

Who shall go to that bright land?
  All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
  In their robes of white,
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.

WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS.

EXILES from paradise, through briar and thorn
  We wander now;
Toiling an unknown way, a look forlorn
  Is on our brow;
The world is strange to us, since we were made
For thee our God; and from thy presence strayed.

Thou knowest, Lord, the radiant home we lost,
And Thou alone ;
So all the sorrows our first sin has cost,
To thee are known ;
And we the sorrows bear, while joy is fled,—
The golden morning of man's being, dead.

Our smitten memory nothing of that past
Will now record ;
But only finds at Eden's gate shut fast,
The flaming sword :—
Save that thy promise listening ears will meet,
"Satan shall yet be bruised beneath your feet."

And prayer, awhile, is but a long complaint :—
O wind that blowest
Fresh from God's mountains, come ! for we are faint,
Good Lord, Thou knowest.
Through parched and dreary life, our toilings must
Meet the dread sentence, and "return to dust."

God bear us through our trial ! let us lean
Upon thy hand ;
For if Thou help not with some grace unseen,
We cannot stand
In that amazing hour when from this strife
We pass, and enter on the deathless life.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify thy name."

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy name.

If Thou callest to the cross,
  And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
  Shrouding heart and home:
Let me think how thy dear Son
  To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
  "Glorify thy name."

WILLIAM JOHNS IRONS.

FATHER of love, our guide and friend,
  O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial time shall end,
  And heavenly peace be won.
We know not what the path may be,
  As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
  Our Father and our God.

If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
  The hill of sacrifice;
Some angel may be there in time;
  Deliverance shall arise:
Or, if some darker lot be good,
  O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, and solitude,
  That make the spirit pure.

Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, his followers here,
Must do thy will and praise thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
And till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

GODFREY THRING.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry:
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,—
"Peace, be still!"

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still!"

ROBERT CHARLES JENKINS.

FOR us those sacred limbs were scarred
With piercing wounds of grief and shame;
For us that heavenly visage marred,
For us reviled that kingly name.

For us was pierced that thorn-crowned head,
That our's a glory-crown might wear;
For us upon the cross were spread
Those hands for us once raised in prayer.

For us, in that dread passion's strife
The Saviour heard the sorrower's cry;
Even when the voice that gave him life
Could only from the cross reply.

For us the cry of anguish burst
Through the dread calm of nature's woe;
For us was felt that parching thirst,
For us the streams of anguish flow.

For us the Lord of life commends
To God his finished work of love,
For us from that dread cross ascends
The offering of our peace above.

O bruised for us our souls to heal,
And slain to raise us from the grave,
Jesus! in us thy power reveal,
And prove that still thy love can save!

WILLIAM FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

GOD the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the omnipotent! mighty avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of danger:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy word:
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

So shall thy children, in thankful devotion,
Laud him who saved them from peril abhorred,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord."

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

GO forward, Christian soldier!
Beneath his banner true:

The Lord himself, thy leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.

When morn his face revealeth,
  Thy dangers all are past:
O, pray that faith and virtue
  May keep thee to the last!

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me;
  I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions, bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom, kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would tender be,
Shut my heart up, like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be,
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And, whatever I can be,
Give to him, who gave me thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

HAVE mercy on us, God most high,
Who lift our hearts to thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most holy Trinity.

Most ancient of all mysteries,
  Before thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
  Most holy Trinity.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
  When time was yet unknown,
Thou in thy bliss and majesty
  Didst live and love alone.

Thou wert not born; there was no fount
  From which thy Being flowed;
There is no end which Thou canst reach:
  But Thou art simply God.

How wonderful creation is,
  The work that Thou didst bless;
And O, what then must Thou be like,
  Eternal loveliness.

How beautiful the angels are,
  The saints how bright in bliss;
But with thy beauty, Lord! compared,
  How dull, how poor is this!

In wonder lost, the highest heavens,
  Mary, their queen, may see;
If Mary is so beautiful,
  What must her Maker be?

No wonder saints have died of love,
  No wonder hearts can break,
Pure hearts that once have learnt to love
  God for his own dear sake.

O majesty most beautiful,
  Most holy Trinity,
On Mary's throne we climb to get
  A far-off sight of thee.

O listen, then, most pitiful,
  To thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses thee that Thou art God,
  That Thou art what Thou art.

Most ancient of all mysteries,
  Still at thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
  Most holy Trinity.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

HE is gone; beyond the skies
  A cloud receives him from our eyes:
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone; and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout his coming feet:
Never shall we track him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore:
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone; and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left,
On this earth, of him bereft,
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue:
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone; we heard him say,
"Good that I should go away;"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace;
Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be;
No! his Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
Where our peace in him we find:
To our own eternal friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

HEART of Christ, O cup most golden,
Brimming with salvation's wine,
Million souls have been beholden
Unto thee for life divine;
Thou art full of blood the purest,
Love the tenderest and surest:
Blood is life, and life is love;
O what wine is there like love?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
Out of thee the martyrs drank,
Who for truth in cities olden
Spake, nor from the torture shrank;
Saved they were from traitor's meanness,
Filled with joys of holy keenness;
Strong are those that drink of love;
O what wine is there like love?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
To remotest place and time
Thou for labours wilt embolden
Unpresuming but sublime:
Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,
When from thee new life is taken:
Truth recruits itself by love;
O what wine is there like love?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
  Taking of thy cordial blest,
Soon the sorrowful are folden
  In a gentle healthful rest:
Thou anxieties art easing,
Pains implacable appeasing:
Grief is comforted by love;
O what wine is there like love?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
  Liberty from thee we win;
We who drink, no more are holden
  By the shameful cords of sin;
Pledge of mercy's sure forgiving,
Powers for a holy living,—
These, thou cup of love, are thine;
Love, thou art the mightiest wine.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Before Communion.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face,
  Here would I touch and handle things unseen:
Here I grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
  And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
  Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
  Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
  This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
  The brief bright hour of fellowship with thee.

After Communion.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
  The feast, though not the love, is past and gone:
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here;
  Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

I have no help but thine; nor do I need
  Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
  My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in him who is
  My wisdom and my teacher, both in one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
  No teaching do I crave, save thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
  Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
  Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compass me,
  Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee,—
  Thou, O my Christ, art buckler, sword and spear.

But see, the pillar-cloud is rising now,
  And moving onward through the desert-night;
It beckons, and I follow, for I know
  It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
  Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
  The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
  With thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
    Light at evening time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
    Light at evening time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

Holy, Blessed Trinity;
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared;
Give thou me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drought,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost:
Much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth;
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on my shoulders, and rejoiced.
Men only marked upon my shoulders borne
The branding cross; and shouted hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon my hands; thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between mine eyes;
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon my right hand and my left;
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery;
At length in death one smote my heart, and cleft
A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep:
So did I win a kingdom,—share my crown,
A harvest,—come and reap.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I BRING my sins to thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In thy once-opened fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to thee.

My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring,
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I COULD not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose wondrous love redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on thee.

I could not do without thee,
For, O ! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way ;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear !
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with thee.

I could not do without thee !
No other friend could read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but thine.

I could not do without thee!
For life is fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be with me,
And whisper, "It is I."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road:
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for me?

My Father's home of light,
  My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
  For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

I suffered much for thee,
  More than thy tongue may tell,
Of bitterest agony,
  To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for me?

And I have brought to thee,
  Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
  My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

O let thy life be given,
  Thy years for him be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
  And joy with suffering blent;
I gave myself for thee:
Give thou thyself to me!

HORATIUS BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

HENRY ALFORD.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,—
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
By breath divine,—
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
  This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
  I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
  Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
  His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
  Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
  The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
  Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
  To learn the angels' song.

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, a-weary, faint, and sore:
  I'm waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
I'm waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of his presence, the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, contending for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is at the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed, as they stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine of the unclouded land;
O! would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Uniting in their worship, rejoicing in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
Ah! one by one they left me to struggle with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me, when my work too is done.

With them the blessed angels that know no grief or sin,
I see them at the portals, prepared to let me in;
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, thy time and way are best,
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; my Father bids me rest!

HORATIUS BONAR.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep;
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul;
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
These three and thirty years.

And He has breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to nought
The plans of wily men,
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
O Thou art loveliest then!

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily Thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear thee, blessed will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on, triumphantly
Thou glorious will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road where Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will!

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

I WOULD have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings, unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go:
Now I would rest; God bids me work.
He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil:
But, Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil
And rest with thee?

HENRY COLLINS.

JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On thy love relying,
Come I to thee flying.
Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the cross I view thee
Calling sinners to thee.
There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing;
Prostrate down before thee,
Helpless I adore thee.
See the red wounds streaming,
With Christ's life-blood gleaming,

Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.
Fountain rich in blessing,
Christ's fond love expressing,
Thou my aching sadness
Turnest into gladness.
Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In thy ways direct me;
'Neath thy wings protect me.

HENRY COLLINS.

JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of thy grace:
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought;
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

Jesu, of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

MARY DUNCAN.

JESU, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

As, of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us; by thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee, best of all.

CHRISTIAN HENRY BATEMAN.

JESUS, ever-loving Saviour,
Thou didst live and die for me,
Living, I will live to love thee,
Dying, I will die to thee;
Jesus! Jesus!
By thy life and death of sorrow,
Help me in my agony!

When the last dread hour approaching,
Fills my soul with trembling fear,
All my sins rise up before me,
All my merits disappear.
Jesus! Jesus!
Turn Thou not in anger from me,
Blessed Jesus! be Thou near.

Jesus, when in cruel anguish
Dying on the shameful tree,
All abandoned by thy Father,
Thou didst writhe in agony.
Jesus! Jesus!
By those three long hours of sorrow,
Thou didst purchase hope for me.

O by all that Thou didst suffer,
Grant me mercy in that day,
Help me, Jesus ! mighty Saviour !
Holy Jesus ! near me stay !
Jesus ! Jesus !
Let me find in thee a refuge
As from earth I pass away.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

JESUS, gentlest Saviour !
God of might and power !
Thou thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For thine endless glory,
And thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens
  Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
  Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
  Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness,
  Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us
  That to heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
  Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,
  Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest—
  Grace to persevere.

O, how can we thank thee
  For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
  Heaven's eternal bliss.

Ah! when wilt Thou always
  Make our hearts thy home?
We must wait for heaven,—
  Then the day will come.

Now at least we'll keep thee
All the time we may;
But thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.

When our hearts Thou leavest,
Worthless though they be,
Give them to thy Mother
To be kept for thee.

GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNNE.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God, most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains,

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
  Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
  To celestial day.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
  Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
  Hear thy children's cry.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
  For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee;
  Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
  Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
  Thou art my Light.

Why feel I desolate and lone?
Thy praises should my thoughts employ,
Thy presence can pour gladness down;
Thou art my Joy.

When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my Peace.

Vain is all human aid for me,
I dare not trust an earthly prop,
My sole reliance is on thee:
Thou art my Hope.

Full many a conflict must be fought,
But shall I perish, shall I yield?
Is that bright motto given for nought,
"Thou art my Shield"?

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX.

JOY fills our inmost heart to-day:
The royal child is born;
And angel hosts in glad array
His advent keep this morn.
Rejoice, rejoice! the Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel!

Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! the Incarnate Word
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel!

For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in thy mother's arms,
We see thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! the Incarnate Word.
Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweeter sound than this is heard—
Emmanuel!

Thou Light of uncreated Light,
  Shine on us, Holy Child ;
That we may keep thy birthday bright,
  With service undefiled.
    Rejoice, rejoice ! the Incarnate Word
      Has come on earth to dwell ;
    No sweeter sound than this is heard—
        Emmanuel !

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LET all men know, that all men move
  Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

Let all men count it true that love,—
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

LITTLE birds sleep sweetly
In their soft round nests,
Crouching in the cover
Of their mothers' breasts.

Little lambs lie quiet
All the summer night,
With their old ewe mothers
Warm, and soft, and white.

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft sweet voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker
As we shut our eyes.

And we play at evening
  Round our father's knees,
Birds are not so merry,
  Singing on the trees:

Lambs are not so happy,
  'Mid the meadow flowers;
They have play and pleasure,
  But not love like ours.

But the heart that's loving,
  Works of love will do;
Those who dearly cherish,
  We must honour too:

To our Father's teaching
  Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
  Cheerfully obey.

For when in his childhood
  Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
  To his mother dear.

And his little children
  Must be good as He,
Gentle and submissive,
  As He used to be.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant me tears,
Fill me with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Supplication on us pour,
Let us now knock at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

'Neath thy wings let us find place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold thy face.

JOHN KEBLE.

LORD, in thy name thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That thee in thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity—
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate:
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves, they also knew:
Lord, Holy One! if Thou who knowest worse
Shouldst loathe us too!

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL.

LORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

As labourers in thy vineyard,
Lord, send us out to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

Come down, Thou Holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;

Within thy sacred temple
  Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify thy people
  Throughout this happy land.

Be with us, God the Father!
  Be with us, God the Son!
And God, the Holy Spirit!
  O blessed Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood
  Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with thy fulness,
  Both now and evermore.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

LORD! to thine altar let me go,—
  The child of weariness and woe,
    My home to find;
From sin, and sense, and self set free,
Absorbed alone in love to thee,—
Able to leave in liberty
    This world behind!

Jesus! be Thou my heavenly food,
Sweet source divine of every good,
    Centre of rest!
One with thy heart let me be found,
Prostrate upon that holy ground,
Where grace, and peace, and life abound,
    Drawn from thy breast!

There let me lean, and live, and lie,
As fast the fleeting moments fly,—
Sands in a glass,—
Which time may shake with restless hand,
Yet only at thine own command,—
Till to a dearer,—happier,—land,
My soul shall pass!

Then—unveiled wilt Thou appear
To those, who walking with thee here,
These wilds have trod,—
In faith,—that with the cherubim,
The saints,—and hosts of seraphim,
They too may join the eternal hymn
To thee, O God!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

MOTHER of Mercy! day by day
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
Darkness is light with love of thee?

But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And Mother! when life's cares are o'er,
O I shall love thee then indeed!

Jesus, when his three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me;
And O! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

Before the cross of him who died,
  Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
  Let Christ be all in all.

Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
  And seal me for thine own,
That I may see thy glorious face,
  And worship near thy throne.

May the dear blood, once shed for me,
  My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
  The purchase of thy love.

Let every thought, and word, and work,
  To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
  And death the gate of heaven.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
  Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
  In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears !

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

O then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love thee for thyself,
And for thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is
To think the thought, to breathe the name,—
Earth has no higher bliss.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH.

MY God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to thee?
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come; I come; Lord, save Thou me.

O Jesus, art Thou passing by
With all thy goodness, grace, and power?
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest friend refused too long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come: make weakness strong.

Yes, Lord, I come: thy heart of love
  Is moving, kindling, drawing mine.
I cast me at thy feet to prove
  The bliss, the heaven of being thine.

ANNE BRONTË.

MY God, O let me call thee mine,
  Weak, wretched sinner though I be,
My trembling soul would fain be thine;
My feeble faith still clings to thee.

Not only for the past I grieve,
The future fills me with dismay;
Unless Thou hasten to relieve,
Thy suppliant is a castaway.

I cannot say my faith is strong,
I dare not hope my love is great;
But strength and love to thee belong;
O do not leave me desolate!

I know I owe my all to thee;
O take the heart I cannot give!
Do Thou my strength—my Saviour be,
And make me to thy glory live.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

NEVER further than thy cross;
Never higher than thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus;
Sin which laid the cross on thee,
Love which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives by thy cross set free,
Soldiers of thy cross we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.

Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

ROBERT CHARLES JENKINS.

NOT for itself the corn we bruise,
Not for itself the grape we press;
'Tis but that man God's gift may use,
'Tis that our life his gifts may bless.

Thus Christ for us, the living bread,
Was bruised and suffered pain and loss,
Thus for our sake his blood was shed
In the dread winepress of the cross.

His Passion in himself abounds
That ours may be its healing powers—
His was the anguish of those wounds,
But all their fruits of life are ours.

And still his mighty love prevails,
His heavenly care doth still impart
The bread of life that never fails,
The wine that cheers the fainting heart.

O ! bruised for us, our souls to heal,
And slain to raise us from the grave,
Jesus in us thy power reveal
And prove that still thy love can save !

SABINE BARING GOULD.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky ;

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer,
  Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
  From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
  May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
  Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
  Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
  In thy holy eyes.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

O COME and mourn with me awhile;
  See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him,
  While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

How fast his hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried,
His failing eyes are dimmed with woe:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

His Mother cannot reach his face,
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O break, O break, hard heart of mine,
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath the cross,
And let the blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears.
  Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is :
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O love of God, O sin of man,
  In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love—
  For He, our Love, is crucified.

HORATIUS BONAR.

O DEAD in sin !
  Wilt thou still choose to die
The death of deaths eternally ?
Dost thou not fear the gloom
Of the eternal tomb ?

O dead to life !
Wilt thou the life from heaven
Reject ? the life so freely given ;
Wilt thou choose sin and tears
Through everlasting years ?

O dead to Christ !
Wilt thou despise the love
Of him who stooped from joy above,
To shame on earth for thee,
That He might set thee free ?

O dead to God!
Wilt thou not seek his face?
Wilt thou not turn and own the grace?
Wilt thou not take the heaven,
So freely to thee given?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

O GOD, whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way,
Who with thy sweet repose dost crown
The labour of the day!

Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
With thy forgiveness dear;
That so the thing that might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me;
That with the new unsullied day
My soul wake fresh and free.

And when Thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me;
That even in visions of the brain,
I wander towards thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep him standing there!

O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred;
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy name is sweetest music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke our tender childhood
To muse on things above;
It draws our harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

No name like this revealeth
What God to man would give;
No name so sweetly teacheth
How must his people live.
So gently, yet securely
Our Shepherd's hand doth lead;
So simply, yet so purely,
His sheep together feed.

How oft to sure destruction
Our feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The guardian of our way!
How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy gentle hand upraised us,
And healing balm poured in.

O hard is passing sorrow !
  But when we heavenward look,
What seemed the rod of anger
  Is but the Shepherd's crook.
So lovingly Thou leadest
  From pasture-fields of death,
Where snare and fall lie hidden
  The verdant path beneath.

O Shepherd good, we follow
  And trust in thee for all,
To guide us and to feed us,
  And raise us when we fall.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
  In death shall make me bold :
O bring my ransomed spirit
  To thine eternal fold.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

O JESUS, I have promised
  To serve thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
  My master and my friend ;
I shall not fear the battle
  If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
  If Thou wilt be my guide.

O let me feel thee near me ;
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
My master and my friend.

O let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone:
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My saviour and my friend.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

O MASTER! it is good to be
High on the mountain here with thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper higher,
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master! it is good to be
With thee and with thy faithful three;
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

O Master ! it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee ;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine :
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

O Master ! it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with thee ;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
" This is my Son—O hear ye him."

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all :
For, awful though thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of thee.
O quickly come ! for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all;
  Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
  Let pain and sorrow die with sin;
O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all;
  For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
  On every heart his mark is found;
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,
  For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
  With weary watching for the day;
O quickly come: for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

O REST a while, but only for a while;
  Life's business presses, and the time is short:
Ease may the weary of reward beguile;
  Let not the workman lose what he has wrought.

Rest for a while, if only for a while;
The strong birds tire, and gladly seek their nest:
With quiet heart enjoy heaven's quiet smile;
What strength has he who never takes his rest?

Rest for a while, though 'tis but for a while;
Home flies the bee, then soon re-quits the hive:
Rest on thy staff, walk then another mile;
Soon will the long, the final rest arrive.

O rest a while, for rest is self-return;
Leave the loud world, and visit thine own breast;
The meaning of thy labours thou wilt learn,
When thus at peace, with Jesus for thy guest.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death!
Thy blood and prayer together plead;
My sins have bowed thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load
Upon thy tortured heart doth lie;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord !
  All darkly on thy human soul ;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
  Around thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath
  Drives over thee with pressure dread ;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
  In deathlike sadness droops thy head.

Thy Spirit weighs the sins of men ;
  Thy science fathoms all their guilt ;
Thou sickenest heavily at thy heart,
  And the pores open,—blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord !
  Even to the limit of thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
  Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
  And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
  The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger ! they
  Have made thy lower nature faint ;
All, save the love within thy heart,
  Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God! my God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin,—and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and thy long prayer.

Shall it be alway thus, O Lord?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace thy Passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of thee?

O by the pains of thy pure love
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And give me of thy bloody sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear!

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were.
That was to him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear:

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY

O THOU from whom no heart is hidden,
Thou to whom every thought is known,
We come, the guests whom Thou hast bidden,
The people Thou hast made thine own.

Thine own we are, and not in vain
We seek, O Christ, from thee to win
A painless pity for our pain,
A sinless pity for our sin.

Though sin and weakness be our dower,
We come for healing, Lord, to thee;
We come to eat thy bread of power,
And drink thy wine of purity.

To eat the bread that came from heaven
When Christ first drew a human breath;
To drink the wine that Christ has given
In pouring out his soul to death:

To live the life that first began
When Christ the vale of sorrow trod ;
For Thou, O Son of God, art man,
And Thou, O Son of man, art God.

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT.

O THOU, who first at Cana's feast
Didst prove thy power divine,
Whose timely aid their store increased
And made the water wine ;
With ready help our souls sustain,
Lest faith should fail, or patience wane.

O Thou, whose angels ever speed
To work thy sovereign will,
Thy servants on their way to lead
And guard from every ill ;
In mercy keep us, lest we stray
One moment from the narrow way.

O Thou, who mark'st the sparrow's fall,
Whose all-providing power
In robes more rich than princely pall
Doth clothe the meanest flower ;
Our wants relieve, our actions bless,
And clothe us with thy righteousness.

O Thou, whose tender care doth pour
  On wounded souls a balm,
Whose voice can still the sea's deep roar
  And make the storm a calm;
From pain and sorrow grant release,
And bid tumultuous passions cease.

O Thou, whose justice never lacks
  Sweet mercy's voice to plead,
Who wilt not quench the smoking flax,
  Nor break the bruised reed;
Forgive our faults, relieve our cares,
And bend thine ear to hear our prayers.

ANON.

O THOU who once at Cana's feast
  Turnedst water into wine,
Who namest thy people and thyself
  The branches and the vine,
Teach us to know and do thy will,
  And e'en thy gifts resign!

O Thou who givest courage, strength,
  And joy to sweeten pain,
Lord Christ, we offer here to thee
  Our promise to abstain;
We join it to thy sacrifice,
  And loss is turned to gain.

O Vine of Heaven ! branches fair
  Engrafted let us grow ;
O Bread of Life ! if Thou dost feed,
  No man shall hunger know ;
Lead us to living waters, Christ,
  Which shall for ever flow !

EDWARD WHITE BENSON

O THRONED, O crowned with all renown,
  Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest and by thee come down
  Henceforth the gifts of God.
By thee the suns of space, that burn
  Unspent, their watches hold :
The hosts that turn and still return
  Are swayed and poised and rolled.

The powers of earth for all her ills
  An endless treasure yield,
The precious things of the ancient hills,
  Forest and fruitful field.
Thine is the health and thine the wealth
  That in our halls abound ;
And thine the beauty and the joy
  With which the years are crowned.

And as, when ebbed the Flood, our sires
  Kneeled on the mountain sod ;
While o'er the new world's altar fires
  Shone out the bow of God ;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
  Word that shall aye avail ;
"Summer and winter shall not cease,
  Seed-time nor harvest fail ;"

Thus in their change let frost and heat
  And winds and dews be given :
All fostering power, all influence sweet
  Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
  The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth with timely birth
  May yield her fruits again ;

That we may feed thy poor aright,
  And gathering round thy throne
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
  Repay thee of thine own.
For so our sires in olden time
  Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood nor hewen stone,
  Thy sacred shrines to rear.

For there, to give the second birth
  In mysteries and signs,
The face of Christ o'er all the earth
  On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
  Thy earthly houses be,
In how great grace shall we thy face
  In thine own palace see.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

O TIME, dull time, go faster,
  I have not found my rest,
I am not with my Master,
  Unsanctified, unblest!
I roam in sin and error,
  In grief and pain I roam,
I mourn, I am in terror,
  My heart is not at home.

O patience, restless spirit!
  Resist not, nor repine;
My peace thou shalt inherit,
  The promises are thine!
If thou with sin and weakness
  No more wouldst walk below,
Be patient, and learn meekness,
  And thou shalt be let go.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

O WHERE is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,—
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes, benighted long
Bright beams of morning spring.

O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blessed the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

O where is He that trod the sea?
My soul! the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,
And leap, and look, and hear.
Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake?—
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake;
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.

O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake?—
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, "'Tis He can save."

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
  Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
  O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
  Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
  Of Christ, the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
  Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
  Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
  That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
  Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
  A lamp of burnished gold
To bear before the nations
  Thy true light as of old:
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
  By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
  They see thee face to face.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads his children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious life He gave;
Before the cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

One offering, single and complete,
With lips and heart we say,
But what He never can repeat,
He shows forth day by day.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line,
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

So He, who once atonement wrought,
Our priest of endless power,
Presents himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.

His manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its presence to his own.

And so we show thy death, O Lord,
Till Thou again appear;
And feel, when we approach thy board,
We have an altar here.

ANNE BRONTË.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear,
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
But I will not despair.

With this polluted heart
I dare to come to thee,—
Holy and mighty as Thou art,—
For Thou wilt pardon me.

I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou who givest to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

Far as this earth may be
From yonder starry skies,
Remoter still am I from thee,
Yet Thou wilt not despise.

I need not fear my foes;
I need not yield to care:
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to thee:
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will cherish me.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

PRAISE to the holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
  Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
  Should strive, and should prevail!

And that a higher gift than grace
  Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and his very self,
  And essence all-divine!

O generous love! that He, who smote
  In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
  For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
  And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren and inspire
  To suffer and to die!

JOHN MASON NEALE.

SAINTS of God, whom faith united
  In the twelve apostles' band:
Who for Christ in pain delighted,
  Who are now at Christ's right hand;
Ye had many a bitter trial,
  Ye were scorned and set at nought,
Fearing nothing but denial
  Of the Lord for whom ye fought.

Called on earth to different stations
In the battle of the Lord,
Ye went on through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and truth your sword:
Far apart, through toil and peril,
Passed ye onward to your rest;
In the streets of gold and beryl,
Now together ye are blest!

Leaves of autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And that this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the summer grass:
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best;
Christ's true martyrs, we would follow
In your steps, and gain our rest!

Him whose love mankind created,
Him who came for man to bleed,
Him who hath regenerated
Us and all his chosen seed,
We, as we are onward pressing
To his glorious home on high,
With his saints and angels blessing,
Now and ever magnify!

JOHN ELLERTON.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace, through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph, see the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds his chariot to his heavenly palace gate;
Hark! the choirs of angel voices joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory with the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer, He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled his foes.

While He raised his hands in blessing, He was parted from his friends;
While their eager eyes behold him, He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God, and pleased him, preaching truth and doom to come,
Christ our Enoch, is translated to his everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with his blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of his grace.

Thou hast raised our human nature in the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with thee in glory stand;

Jesus reigns, adored by angels, man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension we by faith behold our own.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

SHEPHERD, good and gracious,
Jesus, Lord of all,
Leading, though we linger,
Hearing when we call;
Thee we love to follow
Joyful all the way;
As in early morning
So in closing day.

Shepherd good, defend us
Through the garish day,
When the flowery pathway
Lures our feet astray;
Then, thyself revealing,
Bring that better joy
Earth could never promise,
Death can ne'er destroy.

Shepherd good, be near us
Through the gloomy night,
When the foes we see not
Most our hearts affright;

Round the home of sorrow,
O'er the couch of pain,
Breathe, O pitying Saviour,
Peace and health again!

Shepherd good, recall us
If we fall away;
Plead for us in mercy
When we cannot pray;
When our wasted bodies
Yield their latest breath,
Draw our life to glory
Through the gate of death.

EDWARD CASWALL.

SLEEP, Holy Babe,
Upon thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie,
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
Thine angels watch around;
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
Ah, take thy brief repose;
Too quickly will thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands,
Which now so fair I see;
Those little pearly feet of thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me!

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive,
That cheek more lovely than the rose
Be drenched with blood and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.

O Lady blest!
Sweet Virgin, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee in causing thy dear Son
Upon the cross to die!

EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN.

SLEEP thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow ;
Rest where none weep
Till the eternal morrow ;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness ;
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all his pleasure.

Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest !
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

F. J. M. A. P.

SOUL of Jesus, make me holy,
Make me contrite, meek and lowly,
Soul most beauteous, soul divine,
Cleanse this sordid soul of mine;
Keep it ever close by thee,
Safe from sin and misery.
From thee never let it stray;
Miserere Domine.

Save me, body of my Lord,
Save a sinner vile, abhorred,
Wounded hands, and feet, and side
Of my Saviour crucified;
Sacred back with scourges torn,
Head of Jesus, crowned with thorn,
Be the cross my strength and stay;
Miserere Domine.

Blood of Jesus, stream of life;
Sacred stream with blessings rife,
From thy broken body shed
On the cross, that altar dread;
Blood most precious, fount divine,
Fill my heart and make it thine,
All its parching thirst allay;
Miserere Domine.

Holy water, stream that poured
From thy wounded side, dear Lord,
Wash me, make me clean within,
Clean from every stain of sin:
Till my soul is pure and bright
In its robes of stainless white,
By thy love's transforming ray;
Miserere Domine.

Jesus, by the wondrous power
Of thine awful passion-hour;
By the unimagined woe
Mind of man may never know;
By the anguish borne for me,
By thy long deep agony.
By the ransom Thou didst pay;
Miserere Domine.

Jesus, by thy bitter death,
By thy last expiring breath,
Give me the eternal life
Won in that tremendous strife;
By thy dying quicken me.
For thy death is victory;
In the dreadful judgment day;
Miserere Domine.

Miserere; let me be
Never parted, Lord, from thee;

Guard me from my ruthless foe,
Save me from eternal woe
When the hour of death is near,
And my spirits faint with fear,
Call me with thy voice of love,
Place me near to thee above,
With thine own redeemed to raise
Never-ending hymns of praise;
Miserere Domine.

HORATIUS BONAR.

SOUNDS the trumpet from afar:
Soldiers of the holy war,
Rise: for you your Captain waits;
Rise, the foe is at the gates.

Arm! the conflict has begun;
Fight! the battle must be won;
Lift the banner to the sky,
Wave its blazing folds on high.

Banner of the blessed tree,
Round its glory gather ye:
Warriors of the crown and cross,
What is earthly gain or loss?

Life with death, and death with life,
Closes now in deadly strife;
Help us with thy shield and sword,
King and Captain, mighty Lord.

King of glory, Thou alone,
King of kings, thy name we own;
With thy banner overhead,
Not ten thousand foes we dread.

Spare not toil, nor blood, nor pain,
Not a stroke descends in vain;
Wounded, still no foot we yield
On this ancient battle-field.

More than conquerors even now,
With the war-sweat on our brow,
Onward o'er the well-marked road,
March we, as the host of God.

Royal is the sword we wield,
Royal is our battle-field,
Royal is our victory,
Royal shall our triumph be.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be,
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee.

With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God in prayer.

With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear thy voice, where time is loud
Speak softly to my heart.

With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

With thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm, in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

ANON

STRETCHED on the cross the Saviour lies,
The nails are struck, the wood grows red,
And I pass by with careless eyes,
Or, lest I see him, turn my head.

Be it through love, or shame, or fear,
Christ, to thy cross O draw me near.

The cross is raised! his mother kneels!
  Her heart with grief is like to break,
While mine a shallow pity feels,
  But in her woe no part will take.
Be it through love, or shame, or fear,
Christ, to thy cross O draw me near.

I hear the cruel mob deride,
  I do not mock, I pass thee by.
Lord, when thou call'st me to thy side,
  The basest mockery is to fly.
Let fear or shame my cold heart move,
For, if I come, I needs must love.

"Lo, I, if I be lifted up,
  All men unto myself will draw."
Was it for naught Thou drainedst thy cup?
  Are not thy promises as law?
Christ, who for me didst bear such pain,
Thou, who art God! was this in vain?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
  We mock thee when we do not fear:
  But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
  What seemed my worth since I began:
  For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
  Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
  I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
  Confusions of a wasted youth;
  Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

GERALD MASSEY

SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
  Against my soul the battle goes!
Yet though I weary, sore distressed,
I know that I shall reach my rest;
    I lift my tearful eyes above,—
    His banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm,—the crown of light;
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendour curtain him!
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel him standing near;
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
  True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
  With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
  O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
  Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
  That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
  O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
  And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
  Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
  O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
  The sinful unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad:
  Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
  O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come,
Mary and Philip near us be;
Good angels watch about our home;
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TAKE from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O Supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for thee,
Whose days eternally go on!

For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good,
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise thee while my days go on.

I praise thee while my days go on;
I love thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on.

And having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering, which are one,
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling—so I. Thy Days go on.

GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNNE.

THE day is done,
O God the Son,
Look down upon thy little one.

O Light of light,
Keep me this night,
And shed round me thy presence bright.

I need not fear
If Thou art near,
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

Thy gentle eye
Is ever nigh,
It watches me when none is by.

Thy loving ear
Is ever near
Thy little children's prayers to hear.

So happily
And peacefully
I lay me down to rest in thee.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One
In heaven and earth, all praise be done.

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN.

THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies;
O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

O God of saints, to thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,
Grant us thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with thee.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
  What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
  He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
  He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
  Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
  To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
  Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
  And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
  And try his works to do.

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
  In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
  Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?
They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

THEY leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the East;
For him, the Woman's Seed foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.

To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe new-born.

O happy eyes, that saw him first;
O happy lips, that kissed his feet;
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst;
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.

True kings are those who thus forsake
Their kingdoms for the eternal King;
Serpent, her foot is on thy neck;
Herod, thou writhest, but canst not sting.

He, He is King and He alone,
Who lifts that infant hand to bless;
Who makes his mother's knee his throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight:
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look,
Though they who do thy work must read
Thy laws in Nature's book;
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

Be Thou our great deliverer still,
  Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
  With thine almighty breath:
To hands that work and eyes that see,
  Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick and weak and strong
  May praise thee evermore.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE.

THINE for ever: God of love,
  Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever: Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever: O how blest,
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever: Saviour, keep
These, thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

Thine for ever: Thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

JANE BORTHWICK.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest:
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed:
We come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast:
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path? but this Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

THOU that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one, like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay thy hands about my head;
Let me feel thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what I am bid to do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one, like me.

GODFREY THRING.

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

Every care and every sorrow,
  Be it great or be it small,
Yesterday,—to-day,—to-morrow,
  When,—where'er it may befall,
    Lay we humbly at thy feet,
    Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and dying
  Need a brother's, sister's care,
On thy higher help relying
  May we now their burden share,
    Bringing all our offerings meet
    Suppliants at thy mercy-seat.

May each child of thine be willing,
  Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
  Ever comfort to impart;
    Ever bringing offerings meet
    Suppliant to thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness
  To thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
  Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
    One in thee together meet,
    Pardoned at thy judgment-seat.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, hear my cry.

In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to thee mine eye.

Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To thy cross I fly.

Others, long in fetters bound,
Their deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, or I die.

When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THOU who dost dwell alone,
Thou who dost know thine own,
Thou to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave,—
Save, O save!

From the world's temptations,
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,—
Save, O save!

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer:
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher:
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,

To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
Save, O save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, O save!

From doubt, where all is double;
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where Love is half mistrust;
Hungry and barren and sharp as the sea,
O set us free!

O let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.

O where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strifes be reconciled;
All pains beguiled.
Light brings no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing:
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, O save!

JOHN ELLERTON.

THRONED upon the awful tree,
King of grief I watch with thee;
Darkness veils thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou his own Anointed One.
Thou dost ask him—"Can it be?—
Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know thee nigh.

CHARITIE LEES BANCROFT.

THY way is best, my Father,
Though full of pain and care;
Thy will is right, my Father,
However hard to bear.
Thy path is best, my Father,
Though far apart from mine;
Thy judgments, O my Father,
With truth and mercy shine.

Thy gifts are best, my Father,
Though not the gifts I'd choose;
Thy choice is right, my Father,
Whether I gain or lose.

Thy word is good, my Father,
That bids me live or die;
And I am blest, my Father,
In bowing silently.

Thy thoughts are deep, my Father,
Thy love is calm and wise;
My future life, my Father,
Unveiled before thee lies.
Thy time is best, my Father,
Thy purpose to fulfil;
O give me strength, my Father,
To bow me to thy will.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
  Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine;
  Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
  With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
  Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
  My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
  My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
  In things, or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
  My wisdom and my all.

KATHLEEN KNOX.

VOICE of Jesus—calling, calling—
  "I have died for thee,
Earth is dark and night is falling,
  Come, sad soul, to me.

"Why, O child of tears and weeping,
  Dost thou still remain
In the chill of bondage sleeping,
  Slave to sin and pain?

"I have conquered fear and sorrow,
Peace is mine to give;
Seek with me a brighter morrow,
Look on me and live."

Voice of Jesus—calling, calling—
"Art thou still afraid?
Is that sin so fair, so thralling,
Canst not strike it dead?

"Look on me, O faint believer,
Look and steadfast be;
I have loved thee, loved for ever,
Leave that sin, for me."

Voice of Jesus—calling, calling—
"By the river-side
Linger not, the night is falling,
Deep the stream, and wide.

"Cling, beloved, I am near thee
In the hour of death;
Call, beloved, I can hear thee,
Hear thy faintest breath."

Voice of Jesus—calling, calling—
"Now the stream is past,
Earthly cares and burdens falling,
Thou art mine, at last."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

WE ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask for peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day;—
It is not for such peace that we should pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure:
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe;—
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask thy peace, O Lord!
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long, struggling life:
While no success or gain

Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls,
Our wasted might;—
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is thine own, O Lord!
Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap:
They lean on thee entranced,
In calm and perfect rest:
Give us that peace, O Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love thee best.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

WE come to thee, sweet Saviour, humbly seeking
Thy shelter when the darkness draweth nigh;
Fain would our listening spirits hear thee speaking;
Be with us, Lord, and whisper, "It is I."

Comfort thy weary ones, whose hearts are bending
Beneath the burdens of this world of care;
Show them in dreams "the life that hath no ending,"
And tell them of the joy that waits them there.

Hold all our dear ones safely in thy keeping,
Give them bright thoughts of thee and tranquil rest;
Shine on the far-off homes where they are sleeping,
Bless them, sweet Saviour, and they shall be blest!

If there be tears on some beloved faces,
Smile on them, Jesus, chase their grief away;
O bid thine angels fill our vacant places,
Watching the friends we love by night and day.

A word of thine can still the troubled ocean,
Thy Spirit moves upon the pathless deep;
We lift our prayers to thee in meek devotion,
And, guarded by thy mercy, softly sleep.

O! by thy Name upon our hearts engraven,
And by the blood that bought our souls for thee,
Bring us at last unto that blessed haven
Where there is no more night and no more sea!

ALARIC ALFRED WATTS.

WE thank thee, O God of earth and heaven,
Source and essence of all we know,
Thou, who the power to man hast given
Thy life to witness,—thy life to show.
To us it is nothing to call thee Father,
Mother, or brother, or bride, or friend;
Manifold motions of thee; or rather,
The manifold rays in thy love that blend.

Whether we see thee as sole and single;—
Whether as Three on thy name we call—
Many natures in all things mingle,
Why not Three, in the source of all;—

Whether in form as of Son and Father,
A dual being Thou seem'st to bear;
Or whether in nature we see thee rather
Worshipping Godhood everywhere;

Whether in shape as of outer being
Fitted for flesh thy face to see;
Or whether unto us thy Spirit seeing,
Thy flesh and thy bones have ceased to be;
We bless thy goodness that workest to free us,
In all these forms thy Spirit to know;
What, alas, were we, shouldst Thou only see us
In the shapes of our life which to men we show!

For the motions of life that make up being;
For being that blends them all in one;
For thought and emotion—for feeling and seeing
In the warmth and the light of an inner sun;
For life, with its joys of gaining and giving,
For death, which is life in another dress;—
Life,—that is more than merely living,—
Death, that is more than life—and less!

For joys whereby the warmth is given
That eases the strain of the Spirit's strife;
For sorrows, that are as the winds of heaven,
Bracing the nerves of the inner life;

For strife springing forth from the just reaction
Of forces moving the life within;
For peace, whereto by some subtle paction
Strife moveth ever its way to win.

For fate, which setteth a bound to being,
A limit to knowledge, a law to ill;
For faith,—which is as the spirit of seeing,
For love,—which is as the soul of will;
For these, and how many a boon and blessing,
From these outpouring in gladsomeness;
Thy love, as the spirit of all confessing,
Thy Spirit, O infinite Love! we bless!

SAMUEL JOHN STONE.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorn, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

GEORGE WADE ROBINSON.

WEARY with my load of sin,
All diseased and faint within,
See me, Lord, thy grace entreat,
See me prostrate at thy feet.

Here before thy cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.

I have tried, and tried in vain,
Many ways to ease my pain;
Now all other hope is past,
Only this is left at last:
Here before thy cross I lie,
Here I live or here I die.

If I perish, be it here,
With the friend of sinners near.
Lord, it is enough—I know
Never sinner perished so:
Here before thy cross I lie,
Here I cannot, cannot die.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL.

WHEN my feet have wandered
From the narrow way
Out into the desert,
Gone like sheep astray;
Soiled and sore with travel
Through the ways of men,
All too weak to bear me
Back to thee again:
Hear me, O my Father!
From thy mercy-seat,

Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding feet !

When my hands, unholy
  Through some sinful deed
Wrought in me, have freshly
  Made my Saviour's bleed :
And I cannot lift up
Mine to thee in prayer,
Tied and bound, and holden
Back by my despair :
Then, my Father ! loose them,
Break for me their bands,
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding hands !

When my thoughts, unruly,
  Dare to doubt of thee,
And thy ways to question
  Deem is to be free :
Till, through cloud and darkness,
Wholly gone astray,
They find no returning
To the narrow way :
Then, my God ! mine only
Trust and truth art Thou ;
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding brow !

When my heart, forgetful
  Of the Love that yet,
Though by man forgotten,
  Never can forget;
All its best affections
Spent on things below,
In its sad despondings
Knows not where to go:
Then, my God! mine only
Hope and help Thou art;
Save me by the passion
Of the bleeding heart!

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

WHEN this passing world is done,
  When has sunk yon glaring sun;
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not mine own;
When I see thee as Thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

E'en on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet,
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know,
Something of the debt I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee;
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love how much I owe.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain,
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

WHERE shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,
Where through each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most high,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade
His long last prayer He prayed ;
When on the cross to heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He showed that to fulfil
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of anxious strife,
No anxious cry for life ;
By scoff and torture torn,
He speaks not scorn for scorn ;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves his foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last
In memories of the past ;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel ;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend ;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond his depth of woes
A wider thought arose,

Along his path of gloom
Thought for his country's doom,
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief:
The far-stretched sympathy
Lives on when all beside shall die.

Bereft, but not alone,
The world is still his own;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth;
Sure, though in shuddering dread,
That all is finished,
With purpose fixed and high
The friend of all mankind must die.

O by those weary hours
Of slowly-ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with thee to die.

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT.

WITH patient heart, O Man, before
Thy closed, inhospitable door

I stand, and watch, and wait ;
In earnest tones I sadly plead ;
My oft-repeated summons heed ;
Open ere yet too late !

Know'st thou my voice? The Shepherd I,
Who seek the lost, who dared to die
To save my chosen flock ;
Bid me come in and sup with thee ;
Ope wide the door and welcome me ;
I stand without and knock.

What marvel if thou scarce canst hear
My frequent summons, soft yet clear?
For still—thy house within—
Mixed with confused, conflicting cries,
From room to room the tumult flies,
The revelry of sin.

Within thy house wild passions dwell,
That every gentler thought repel,
And feast each evil guest ;
On me alone thou shutt'st the door ;
Yet who, like me, can calm restore,
And give thee peace and rest?

Thy garden should be trimmed, and meet
To welcome mine approaching feet,

Who bring the words of God ;
But ah ! neglected by thy toil,
Unsightly weeds usurp the soil,
And thistles mar the sod.

Day wanes ; not far the night doth lurk,
The night, wherein can no man work,
The darkness of the tomb:
With patient heart I stand and wait,
Open, O Man ! ere yet too late,
Ere denser grows the gloom !

Day wanes ; the sun hath almost set,
With dews of night my locks are wet ;
Ah ! wilt thou hearken never ?
Thy day of grace is almost o'er,
Except thou hear and ope the door,
I leave thee—and for ever !

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Nox atra rerum contegit.

ALL tender lights, all hues divine,
The night has swept away;
Shine on us, Lord, and we shall shine
Bright in an inward day.

The spots of guilt, sin's wages base,
Searcher of hearts, we own;
Wash us and robe us in thy grace,
Who didst for sins atone.

The sluggard soul that bears their mark,
Shrinks in its silent lair,
Or gropes amid its chambers dark
For thee, who art not there.

Redeemer, send thy piercing rays,
That we may bear to be
Set in the light of thy pure gaze,
And yet rejoice in thee.

Grant this, O Father, only Son
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

ST. STEPHEN, THE SABAITE. JOHN MASON NEALE.

κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to him,
If He be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are woundprints,
And his side."

Hath He diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,
  Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
    Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
  Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
    Answer, Yes!"

JACOPONUS DE BENEDICTIS. EDWARD CASWALL.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

AT the cross her station keeping,
  Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.
Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
  Now at length the sword had passed.

O how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blest
  Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
  Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep
Whelmed in miseries so deep
  Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
  In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
  All with bloody scourges rent;
For the sins of his own nation,
Saw him hang in desolation,
  Till his spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
  Make my heart with thine accord:
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
  With the love of Christ my Lord.

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Ad regias Agni dapes.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
  Praise to our victorious king;
Washed our garments in the tide
Flowing from his pierced side.

Praise we him whose love divine
Gives the guests his blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast—
Love the victim, love the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's host triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Christ, the Lamb whose blood is shed,
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
Powers of hell beneath thee lie;
Death is conquered in the fight;
Thou hast brought us life and light.

Now thy banner Thou dost wave;
Vanquished Satan and the grave;
Angels join his praise to tell—
See o'erthrown the prince of hell.

Paschal triumph, paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From the death of sin set free,
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in thee.

Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
Ever with the Spirit be.

THOMAS DE CELANO. WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS.

Dies Iræ, Dies illa.

DAY of wrath, O day of mourning!
See once more the cross returning—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth!
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded,
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity then befriend us.

Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous Incarnation—
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;—
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion.

Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning,
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the sinful woman savest—
Thou the dying thief forgavest,
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With thy favoured sheep, O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

Lord, I kneel, with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition,
Help me, in my last condition.

Requiem.

Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem.

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Ales diei nuntius.

DAY'S herald bird
At length is heard,
Telling its morning torch is lit,

And small and still
Christ's accents thrill,
Within the heart rekindling it.

Away, He cries,
With languid eyes,
And sickly slumbers profitless!
I am at hand,
As watchers stand,
In awe, and truth, and holiness.

He will appear
The hearts to cheer
Of suppliants pale and abstinent;
Who cannot sleep
Because they weep
With holy grief and violent.

Keep us awake,
The fetters break,
Jesu! which night has forged for us;
Yea, melt the night
To sinless light,
Till all is bright and glorious.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One,
To the Most Holy Trinity,
All praise be given
In earth and heaven,
Now, as of old, and endlessly.

A HYMN OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY. JOHN MASON NEALE.

Sancti venite, Corpus Christi sumite.

DRAW nigh, and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that body, hallowed by that blood,
Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to God.

Salvation's giver, Christ the only Son,
By his dear cross and blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim and himself the priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

He, ransomer from death, and light from shade,
Now gives his holy grace his saints to aid.

Approach ye then, with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He, that in this world rules his saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living water to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

ANON. — JOHN MASON NEALE.

Veni, veni, Emanuel.

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear;
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, thou Orient, who shalt cheer
And comfort by thine advent here,
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate will ope to thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes from Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel !

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Summæ parens clementiæ.

FATHER of mercies infinite,
Ruling all things that be,
Who, shrouded in the depth and height,
Art One, and yet art Three ;

Accept our chants, accept our tears,
A mingled stream we pour ;
Such stream the laden bosom cheers,
To taste thy sweetness more.

Purge thou with fire the o'ercharged mind,
Its sores and wounds profound ;
And with the watcher's girdle bind
The limbs which sloth has bound.

That they, who with their chants by night
Before thy presence come,
All may be filled with strength and light
From their eternal home.

Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

ITALIAN HYMN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. EDWARD CASWALL.

Viva, viva Gesù.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be his compassion
Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill;
There as in a fountain
Laves herself at will.

O the blood of Christ,
It soothes the Father's ire;
Opes the gate of heaven;
Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan, in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with terror trembles;
Heaven is filled with joy.

Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise his precious blood.

CHARLES COFFIN. JOHN RUSSELL WOODFORD.

Jam desinant suspiria.

GOD from on high hath heard,
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of peace.

Hark ! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell ;
The hosts of heaven proclaim
" God comes on earth to dwell ! "

Haste with the shepherds ; see
The mystery of grace ;
A manger bed, a child
Is all the eye can trace.

Is this the eternal Son ?
Who on the starry throne,
Before the worlds begun,
Was with the Father one ?

Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds his glory now ;
And hails him God, and Lord,
To whom all creatures bow.

O Child ! thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse,
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

Fill us with holy love,
Heal Thou our earthly pride ;
Born in each lowly heart,
For ever there abide !

ANGELUS. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

Höchster Priester, der du dich.

GREAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be
Once the sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on thy holy shrine.

Love I know accepteth nought,
Save what Thou, O Love, hast wrought;
Offer Thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.

Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly sense and passion kill,
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.

Kindle, Mighty Love, the pyre,
Quick consume me in thy fire,
Fain were I of self bereft,
Nought but thee within me left.

So may God, the righteous, brook
On my sacrifice to look;
In whose sight no gift has worth
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

En, clara vox redarguit.

HARK, a joyful voice is thrilling,
And each dim and winding way
Of the ancient temple filling;
Dreams depart, for it is day.

Christ is coming—from thy bed,
Earth-bound soul, awake and spring—
With the sun new-risen to shed
Health on human suffering.

Lo, to grant a pardon free,
Comes a willing Lamb from heaven;
Sad and tearful, hasten we,
One and all, to be forgiven.

Once again he comes in light
Girding earth with fear and woe;
Lord, be Thou our loving might,
From our guilt and ghostly foe.

To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, who in heaven
Ever witness, Three and One,
Praise on earth be ever given.

EHRENFRIED LIEDRICH. H. L. L.

Hier ist mein Herz.

HERE is my heart—my God, I give it thee ;
I heard thee call and say—
Not to the world, my child, but unto me—
I heard, and will obey :
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise ;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure
To meet thy searching eyes ;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart.

Here is my heart—my heart so hard before,
Now by thy grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied it can only pour
Its anguish at thy feet :
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joy to win—
My mourning heart.

Here is my heart—in Christ my longings end,
Near to his cross it draws;
It says—Thou art my portion, O my friend,
Thy blood my ransom was:
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart.

Here is my heart—ah, Holy Spirit, come
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly to thy home
A temple fair and true:
Teach it to love and serve thee more,
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart.

Here is my heart—it trembles to draw near
The glory of thy throne:
Give it the shining robe thy servants wear
Of righteousness thine own:
Its pride and folly chafe away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart.

Here is my heart—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing—
Welcome, my God's decree;
Believing all its journey through
That Thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart.

Here is my heart—O Friend of friends be near
To make each tempter fly;
And when my latest foe I wait with fear
Give me the victory:
Gladly on thy love reposing,
Let me say when life is closing—
Here is my heart.

ROBERT II. OF FRANCE. EDWARD CASWALL.

Veni sancte Spiritus.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of Light!
From thy clear, celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give;
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou light of all that live!

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:

If Thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with thee on high:
Give them joys which never end.

ST. BERNARD, ABBOT OF CLAIRVAUX. JOHN MASON NEALE.

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

JESU! The very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss:
No thought brings sweeter comforts nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesu ! the hope of souls forlorn !
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek thee, O how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

Jesu, Thou sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's fountain, light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires !

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness :
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus ! what Thou art.

I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close :
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore.

With Mary, in the morning gloom,
I seek for Jesus at the tomb ;
For him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart, and not with eye.

Jesus, to God the Father gone,
Is seated on the heavenly throne :
My heart hath also passed from me,
That where He is, there it may be.

We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With him to gain the heavenly seat.

ST. BERNARD, ABBOT OF CLAIRVAUX. EDWARD CASWALL.

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

PART II.

Jesu, rex admirabilis.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found,—

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;—

May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

Thee, may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee, may we love alone:
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

GEORG WERNER. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

Der du, Herr Jesu, Ruh und Rast.

LORD JESUS, who our souls to save,
Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
Now grant us all in thee to rest,
And here to live as seems thee best.

Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
That Thou hast purchased with thy death,
And lead us to that glorious place,
Where we shall see the Father's face.

O Lamb of God! who once wast slain,
We thank thee for that bitter pain!
Let us partake thy death that we
May enter into life with thee!

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. EDWARD CASWALL.

O Deus, ego amo te.

MY God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby:
Nor because they, who love thee not,
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ!
Should I not love thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell:

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But, as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord?

E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. EDWARD CASWALL.

Adoro te devote latens deitas.

O GODHEAD hid, devoutly I adore thee,
Who truly art within the forms before me,
To thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating thee.

Sight, touch, and taste in thee are each deceived ;
The ear alone most safely is believed :
I believe all the Son of God has spoken,
Than truth's own word there is no truer token.

God only on the cross lay hid from view ;
But here lies hid at once the manhood too ;
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see ;
Yet thee confess my Lord and God to be :
Make me believe thee ever more and more ;
In thee my hope, in thee my love to store.

O thou memorial of our Lord's own dying,
O bread that living art and vivifying,
Make ever Thou my soul on thee to live,
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Pelican, O Jesu Lord,
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in thy blood ;
Of which a single drop for sinners spilt
Is ransom for a world's entire guilt.

Jesu, whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for O vouchsafe to me,
That I may see thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest thy glory in beholding.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN HYMN. JOHN MASON NEALE.

O Amor quam exstaticus.

O LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.

For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us his daily works He wrought;
By words and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not himself but us.

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent his spirit here,
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To him, whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through his Son,
To God the Father, glory be
Both now and through eternity.

ST. BERNARD,
ABBOT OF CLAIRVAUX.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

Salve caput cruentatum.

O SACRED head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving thee of life;

O agony of dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn thy face on me!

In this thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:—
Beneath thy cross abiding,
For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. EDWARD CASWALL.

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

O THOU true Life of all that live!
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day:

Thy light upon our evening pour,—
So may our souls no sunset see:
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

Father of mercies, hear our cry!
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

LATIN HYMN OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. JOHN MASON NEALE.

O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata.

O WHAT their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless sabbaths the blessed ones see;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest:
God shall be all and in all ever blest.

What are the monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare;

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of Peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.

There dawns no sabbath, no sabbath is o'er,
Those sabbath-keepers have one and no more;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;
Through whom, the Spirit, with these ever One.

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. EDWARD CASWALL.

Sævo dolorum turbine.

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! down his face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred blood descend.

Hark ! with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight ;
That cry, it smote his Mother's heart,
And wrapt her soul in night.

Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro ;
Tombs burst ; seas, rivers, mountains quake ;
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light ;
The mid-day heavens grow pale ;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute ?
Come, youth ! and hoary hairs !
Come, rich and poor ! come, all mankind !
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come ! fall before his cross,
Who shed for us his blood ;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesu ! all praise to thee,
Our joy and endless rest !
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. JOHN MASON NEALE.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

OF the glorious body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries sing ;
And the blood, all price excelling,
Which for this world's ransoming
In a generous womb once dwelling,
He shed forth, the Gentiles' King.

Given for us, for us descending
Of a virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending
Scattered He the Gospel seed :
Till his sojourn drew to ending,
Which He closed in wondrous deed.

At the last great supper seated,
Circled by his brethren's band,
All the law required completed
In the feast its statutes planned,
To the twelve himself He meted
For their food with his own hand.

Word made Flesh, by Word He maketh
Very bread his Flesh to be ;
Man in wine Christ's blood partaketh
And if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the mystery.

Therefore we, before it bending,
This great sacrament adore:
Types and shadows have their ending
In the new rite evermore:
Faith, our outward sense amending,
Maketh good defects before.

Honour, laud, and praise addressing
To the Father and the Son,
Might, ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
And eternal benison:
Holy Ghost, from both progressing,
Equal laud to thee be done!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. JOHN MASON NEALE.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
With completed victory rife;
And above the cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife:
How the world's Redeemer conquered
By surrendering of his life.

God his Maker, sorely grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,

When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and hell,
Noted then this wood, the ruin
Of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our salvation
Needs would have his order so,
And the multiform deceiver's
Art by art would overthrow,
And from thence would bring the medicine
Whence the insult of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left his Father,
Sent the heavenly mansion from,
And proceeded, God Incarnate,
Of the Virgin's holy womb.

Weeps the Infant in the manger
That in Bethlehem's stable stands;
And his limbs the virgin mother
Doth compose in swaddling bands,
Meetly thus in linen folding
Of her God the feet and hands.

Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled,

Born for this, He meets his passion,
For that this He freely willed :
On the cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where his life-blood shall be spilled.

He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed ;
From that holy body broken
Blood and water forth proceed :
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.

Faithful cross ! above all other,
One and only noble tree !
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be :
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron !
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory !
Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
For awhile the ancient rigour,
That thy birth bestowed, suspend ;
And the King of heavenly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend !

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold ;

For a shipwrecked race preparing
Harbour, like the ark of old;
With the sacred blood anointed
From the smitten Lamb that rolled.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet:
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son, and Paraclete:
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.

FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Somno refectis artubus.

SLEEP has refreshed our limbs, we spring
From off our bed, and rise;
Lord, on thy suppliants while they sing,
Look with a Father's eyes.

Be Thou the first on every tongue,
The first in every heart;
That all our doings all day long,
Holiest! from thee may start.

Cleanse Thou the gloom, and bid the night
Its healing beams renew;
The sins, which have crept in with night,
With night shall vanish too.

Our bosoms, Lord, unburthen Thou,
Let nothing there offend;
That those who hymn thy praises now
May hymn them to the end.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of Grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

ST. ANATOLIUS. JOHN MASON NEALE.

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee:
I pray thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be!
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to thee,
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

A Hymn of the Bohemian Brethren. — Catherine Winkworth.

Die Nacht ist kommen darin wir ruhen.

THE night is come, wherein at last we rest,
God order this and all things for the best!
Beneath his blessing fearless we may lie
Since He is nigh.

Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away,
O Master, watch o'er us till dawning day,
Body and soul alike from harm defend,
Thine angel send.

Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
Let us awake with joy, still close to thee,
In all serve thee, in every deed and thought
Thy praise be sought.

Give to the sick as thy beloved sleep,
And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe.

For we have none on whom for help to call,
Save thee, O God, in heaven who carest for all,
And wilt forsake them never day or night,
Who love thee right.

Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom come,
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. JOHN MASON NEALE.

Vexilla regis prodeunt.

THE royal banners forward go;
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from his side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old;
Amidst the nations God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

O tree of beauty! tree of light!
O tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung;
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

O cross, our one reliance, hail!
This holy passiontide, avail
To give fresh merit to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
Whom by the cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore.

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN. SABINE BARING GOULD.

Ig jennem Nat og Trængsel.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

And before us through the darkness
Gleameth clear the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
And steps fearless through the night.

One the light of God's dear presence
Never in its work to fail,
Which illumes the wild rough places
Of this gloomy haunted vale.

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain which mouths of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us shining
In his love for evermore.

Go we onward, pilgrim brothers,
Visit first the cross and grave,
Where the cross its shadow flingeth,
Where the boughs of cypress wave.

Then a shaking as of earthquakes,
Then a rending of the tomb;
Then a scattering of all shadows,
And an end of toil and gloom.

FROM THE PARIS BREVIARY. JOHN CHANDLER.

Victis sibi cognomina.

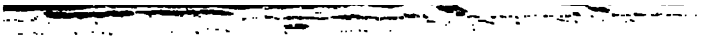
'TIS for conquering kings to gain
Glory o'er their myriads slain;
Jesu! thy more glorious strife
Hath restored a world to life.

So no other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead to rise,
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?

Rather gladly for that Name,
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death, but victory.

Dost Thou, Jesu, condescend
To be called the sinner's friend?
Ours then it shall always be
Thus to make our boast of thee.



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Written for a Festival of Parochial Choirs at Nantwich, 1866. Revised and abridged by the Author for the Appendix to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868.

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From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857, where it is entitled "The War Song of the Church."

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Written about 1864. Printed in the Author's *Remains*, 1883.

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Written about 1868. This hymn first appeared in the *Family Treasure*, edited by Dr. Arnot.

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Written in 1870. The second verse was added in the Author's *Church of England Hymn Book*, 1879.

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From *Hymns, Descriptive and Devotional.* By the Author of *Hymns for Little Children.*

WHERE SHALL WE LEARN TO DIE. *A. P. Stanley.* 172

From *Westminster Abbey Hymnal.*

WITH PATIENT HEART, O MAN. *W. W. Skeat.* 174

Originally called "The Light of the World," and suggested by Holman Hunt's well-known picture bearing the same name.

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From Dr. Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862.

AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING. *E. Caswall.* 181

A Hymn for Vespers, Matins, and Lauds, on the Friday after Passion Sunday, the Feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING.
R. Campbell. 182

A Hymn for Vespers on Low Sunday. The original is a recast of "Ad cœnam Agni providi" by St. Ambrose.

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The original, by Thomas de Celano, was written about 1230. In the third line of the first verse the Translator has taken the later reading, "Crucis expandens vexilla" instead of the earlier "Teste David cum Sibylla." The translation was published in 1848.

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A hymn for Lauds on Tuesday. Translated about 1838.

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The original of this hymn is attributed to the twelfth century, and is "little more than a versification of some of the Christmas antiphons commonly called the O's." From the Translator's *Mediæval Hymns.*

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A hymn for Matins on Saturday. Translated about 1838.

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From the Translator's *Masque of Mary, and other Poems,* 1858. The original is anonymous, and was probably composed in the eighteenth century. The translation was made in 1849.

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A cento from St. Bernard's Hymn. The translation appeared in the *Hymnal Noted.*

JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE. *E. Caswall.* 201
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The original was written in 1638. The translation is from the *Lyra Germanica*, 1855.

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The translation first appeared in 1849. The text is taken from the Translator's *Lyra Catholica.*

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O LOVE, HOW DEEP! HOW BROAD! HOW HIGH.
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The Latin is a cento from a hymn beginning "Apparuit benignitas." The translation appeared in the Second Series of the *Hymnal Noted*, 1857.

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O THOU TRUE LIFE OF ALL THAT LIVE. *E. Caswall.* 208

A Hymn at Noon on Sundays and Weekdays throughout the year. From the *Lyra Catholica.*

O WHAT THEIR JOY AND THEIR GLORY MUST BE. *J. M. Neale.* 209

The translation first appeared in the Second Series of the *Hymnal Noted*, 1857.

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A Hymn for Lauds on Friday after Sexagesima Sunday. The translation from *Lyra Catholica.*

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A Hymn for Matins on Passion Sunday. The translation is from Dr. Neale's *Mediæval Hymns.*

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A Hymn for Vespers on the Feast of Corpus Christi. From *Mediæval Hymns.*

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A Hymn for Matins on Monday. Translated about 1838.

THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER. *J. M. Neale.* 217

From Dr. Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862.

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From the *Lyra Germanica*, 1855.

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The original was composed for the occasion of the reception of a portion of the Holy Cross, previous to the consecration of a church at Poitiers. The translation appeared in the *Hymnal Noted.*

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The original Danish is dated 1825. The translation appeared in the *People's Hymnal,* 1867.

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A Hymn for Second Vespers on the Feast of the Circumcision.

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